SOME
Of the
PSALMS
OF
DAVID
In METRE.

1182

COLLEGIUM SS. TRINITATIS

Done by *J. Patrick*, D.D. and by Mr *Brady* and Mr *Tate*.

CAMBRIDGE,
Printed for the Use of the
UNIVERSITY, 1699.

The PSALMS of *DAVID*.

PSALM I.

BLeſt is the Man that walks not where
ungodly counſels guide,
Nor ſtands in ſinful ways, nor ſits
with thoſe who God deride:
2 But makes the perfect Law of God
his buſineſs and delight,
Devoutly reads therein by day,
and meditates by night.

3 He like a Tree by Rivers fed,
with timely fruit ſhall bend:
His leaf ſhall flouriſh, and ſucceſs
all his deſigns attend.
4 Ungodly men and their attempts
no laſting root ſhall find;
Untimely blaſted and diſpers'd
like Chaff before the wind.

5 The Wicked therefore ſhall not ſtand
before their Judge's face;
Nor Hypocrites, who paſs'd for Saints,
amongſt the Juſt have place.
6 God knows the ways of Righteous men,
to Happineſs they tend:
But Sinners, and their vain deſigns,
ſhall both in Ruin end.

Gloria Patri, &c.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

PSALM II.

B. T.

1 WIth reſtleſs and ungovern'd rage
why do the Heathen ſtorm?
Why in ſuch raſh attempts engage,
as they can ne'er perform?
2 The Great in counſel and in might
their various forces bring;
Againſt the Lord they all unite,
and his anointed King.

3 "Muſt we ſubmit to their Commands?
"puff'd up with pride, they ſay;
No, let us break their ſlaviſh Bands
"and caſt their Chains away.
4 But God, who ſits enthron'd on high,
who all things wiſely guides,
Does their conſpiring Strength defie,
their empty Plots derides.

5 Thick clouds of wrath divine ſhall break
on his rebellious foes,

And

And in loud Thunder thus he'll ſpeak
to all that dare oppoſe.
6 "In ſpight of thoſe who thwart my Will,
"the King that I approve,
"Whoſe Throne is fix'd on *Sion*'s Hill,
"like that, ſhall never move.

7 "Liſten, O Earth, whilſt I declare,
"God's uncontroul'd Decree:
"Thou art my Son, this day, my Heir,
"have I begotten thee.
8 "Ask, and receive: thy juſt Commands
"the Heathen World ſhall ſway:
"The utmoſt Limits of the Lands
"ſhall thy dread Will obey.

9 "Thy pow'rful Sceptre thou ſhalt ſhake,
"and cruſh them ev'ry where;
"As maſſy Bars of Iron break
"the Potters brittle ware.
10 Learn then, ye Princes, and give ear,
ye Judges of the Earth:
11 Worſhip the Lord with holy Fear;
rejoyce with awful Mirth.

12 Appeaſe the Son with due reſpect,
your humble Homage pay;
Leſt he revenge the bold neglect,
incens'd by your delay:
13 If but in part his Anger riſe,
who can indure its flame?
Then bleſs'd are they whoſe hope relies
on his moſt holy Name.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM IV.

P.

1 HEar me, O Lord, the great ſupport
of my Integrity:
Thou haſt my former Troubles eas'd;
now to my Pray'rs draw nigh.
2 Fond men! that would my Glory ſtain,
my Government deſpiſe,
How long will ye purſue vain Hopes,
and pleaſe your ſelves with Lyes?

3 Know that the Lord ſelects a Man
that's Godly to advance:
And when I ſeek his aid, will ſend
timely Deliverance.
4 Sin not, but fear; let quiet thoughts
inſtruct and make you wiſe:
5 Joyn a pure heart with truſt in God,
as the beſt Sacrifice.

6 Tho' many, thro' diſtruſt, for Good
to other Succours fly;
Thou art my Hope; Lord, caſt on us
A favourable Eye.
7 Thy Love more chears my Heart, than their's
whoſe Corn has wiſh'd increaſe;

Or

Or when a happy Vintage makes
their Wine o'erflow the Preſs.

8 Down will I lie in Peace, and Sleep
ſhall cloſe my wearied Eyes:
No fears diſturb me, whilſt I know
in God my ſafety lies.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM VI.

B. T.

1 THY dreadful anger, Lord, reſtrain;
and ſpare a wretch forlorn:
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath,
too heavy to be born.
2 Have mercy, Lord: my ſtrength decays,
unable to endure
The anguiſh of my aking Bones,
which thou alone canſt cure.

3 My tortur'd Fleſh infects my Mind,
and fills my Soul with grief:
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
to grant me thy Relief?
4 Thy wonted Goodneſs, Lord, repeat,
and eaſe my troubled Soul:

Lord, for thy wondrous Mercy's ſake,
vouchſafe to make me whole.

5 For after Death no more can I
thy glorious Acts proclaim:
No Pris'ner of the ſilent Grave
can magnifie thy Name.
6 Quite tir'd with pain, with groaning faint,
no hope of Eaſe I ſee:
The Night, that quiets common Griefs,
is ſpent in Tears by me.

7 My Beauty fades; my Sight grows dim;
my Eyes with Weakneſs cloſe;
Old age o'ertakes me, whilſt I think
on my inſulting Foes.
8 Depart, ye Wicked, in my Harms
ye ſhall no more rejoyce;
For God, I find, accepts my Tears,
and liſtens to my Voice.

9, 10 He hears and grants my humble pray'r;
and they that wiſh my Fall,
Shall bluſh and rage, to ſee that God
protects me from them all.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM VIII.

P.

1 ALL the Earth's praiſes to thy Name,
its Greatneſs, Lord, declare:
Heav'ns Luſtre by thy Glory is
out-ſhin'd in Brightneſs far.
2 From the weak pow'rs of Babes thou mak'ſt
thy Victories ariſe;
They ſtill the Triumphs of thy Foes,
and ſhame thy Enemies.

3 When I to Heav'n, thy glorious Work,
raiſe my admiring Eye;
And there behold the Moon and Stars
that beautifie the Sky:
4 Lord! what is Man, that he ſhould have
in thy kind thoughts a place?
Why doſt thou thus advance and bleſs
his miſerable Race?

5 Tho' lower then the Angels made,
he wears a glorious Crown:
6 Thy works below all ſtoop to him,
and him their Sov'reign own:
7 The Beaſts that in the Paſtures feed,
or in the Deſarts lie;
8 Fiſhes that move within the Seas;
or Fowls beneath the Sky;

9 Theſe are his Slaves: but let not Man
diſown God's Government;

Whoſe Pow'r do's rule the World, whoſe Name alone is Excellent.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM XV.

1 LOrd, in thy Tabernacle who
ſhall dwell for ever bleſt?
Who ſhall upon thy ſacred Hill
enjoy a glorious Reſt?
2 He that aright his Ways directs,
whoſe Work is Righteouſneſs;
And what his Heart ſincerely thinks,
his faithful Lips profeſs.

3 His Neighbours Name he never wounds
By a detracting Tongue,
Nor in his Infamy delights,
much leſs would do him Wrong.
4 Contemns the Vile, but honours thoſe
th' Almightie's Name that fear:
And do's not break his Oath, though he
to his own Damage ſwear.

5 He hates Extortion, and rejects
Bribes to betray the Juſt.
This Man ſhall ne'er be mov'd, but may
in God ſecurely truſt.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM XXI.

B. T.

1 THE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praiſe
ſhall in thy Strength rejoyce;
With thy Salvation glad ſhall raiſe
to Heav'n his cheerful voice.
2 For Thou whate'r his Lips requeſt
not only didſt impart,
But haſt with thy acceptance bleſt
the wiſhes of his heart.

3 Thy Goodneſs and thy tender Care
have ev'n his Hopes out-gone;
A Crown of Gold Thou mak'ſt him wear,
and ſett'ſt it firmly on.
4 He pray'd for Life; and Thou, O Lord,
didſt his ſhort Span extend,
And graciouſly to him afford
a Life that ne'er ſhall end.

5 Thy ſure Defence to Nations round
has ſpread his glorious Name;
And his ſucceſsful actions crown'd
with Majeſty and Fame.
6 Eternal Bleſſings Thou beſtow'ſt,
and mak'ſt his Joy encreaſe,

Whilſt

Whilſt Thou to him unclouded ſhow'ſt
the Brightneſs of thy Face.

The ſecond Part.

7 Becauſe the King on God alone
for timely aid relies,
His Mercy ſtill ſupports his Throne,
and all his needs ſupplies.
8 But, righteous Lord, thy ſtubborn Foes
ſhall feel thy heavy hand;
Thy vengeful Arm ſhall find out thoſe
that hate thy mild Command.

9 When Thou againſt them doſt engage,
thy juſt but dreadful Doom
Shall like a glowing Oven's rage,
their hopes and them conſume.
10 Nor ſhall thy furious Anger ceaſe,
or with their Ruin end;
But ravage all their guilty Race,
and to their Seed deſcend.

11 For all their thoughts were ſet on Ill,
their hearts on Malice bent,
(Tho' Thou with watchful care didſt ſtill
the ill effects prevent.)
12 In vain by ſhameful Flight they'll try
to ſcape thy dreaded Might;
While thy ſwift Darts ſhall faſter fly,
And gaul them in their Flight.

13 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous Strength diſcloſe,
and thus exalt thy Name;

Whilſt

Whilſt we loud Songs of Joy compoſe,
and make thy Pow'r the Theme.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM XXII.

B. T.

1 MY God, my God, why leav'ſt Thou me,
when I with anguiſh faint?
O why ſo far from me remov'd,
and from my loud Complaint?
2 All day, but all the day unheard,
to Thee do I complain;
With Cries implore relief all night,
but cry all night in vain.

3 But thou art ſtill the righteous Judge
of Innocence oppreſs'd,
And therefore *Iſrael*'s Praiſes are
of right to Thee addreſs'd.
4, 5 On Thee our Anceſtors rely'd,
and thy Deliv'rance found;
With pious Confidence they pray'd,
and with Succeſs were crown'd.

6 But I am treated as a Worm,
like none of Woman born:
Not only by the Great revil'd,
but made the Rabble's ſcorn.

7 With Laughter all the gazing Crowd
my Agonies ſurvey,
They ſhoot the lip, they ſhake the head,
and thus deriding, ſay,

8 "In God he truſted, boaſting oft,
"that he was Heav'ns delight;
"Let God come down to own him now,
"and ſave his Favourite.

The Second Part.

9 Thou mad'ſt my teeming Mother's womb
a living Off-ſpring bear;
When but a Suckling at the breaſt,
I was the Almighty's care.
10 My Guardian Thou didſt ſhield from wrongs
my helpleſs Infant days;
Up from my birth my God and Guide,
through Life's bewilder'd ways.

11 Withdraw not then ſo far from me,
when Trouble is ſo nigh:
O ſend me Help! thy Help, on which
I only can rely.
12 Thoſe that beſet me are like Bulls
armed with Rage and Pow'r:
13 No hungry Lion is more fierce,
or readier to devour.

The third Part.

14 My Blood like water's ſpill'd, my Joynts
diſtorted out of frame;

My

My Heart diſſolves within my Breaſt,
like Wax before the Flame.
15 My ſtrength, like Potter's Earth, is parch'd,
my thirſty Tongue and Breath
From Plaints reſtrain'd; my life reduc'd
ev'n to the duſt of Death.

16 My Enemies, like greedy Dogs,
round to incloſe me meet;
And with inhumane cruelty
have pierc'd my Hands and Feet.
17 My Body's rack'd, till all my Bones
diſtinctly may be told:
Yet ſuch a Spectacle of woe
as Paſtime they behold.

18 As ſpoil my Garments they divide,
lots for my Veſture caſt;
Therefore approach, O Lord, my ſtrength,
and to my ſuccour haſte.
20 Deliver from their Sword my Soul,
(of all but Life bereft!)
Nor let my Darling in the pow'r
of cruel Dogs be left.

21 Retrieve my from the Lion's jaws,
as from the brandiſh'd horns
Thou reſcued'ſt me, and from the hooſs
of trampling Unicorns.
22 Then to my Brethren I'll declare
the Triumphs of thy Name,
In preſence of aſſembled Saints
thy Glory thus proclaim:

23 "Ye worſhippers of *Jacob*'s God,
"all you of *Iſrael*'s Line,
"O praiſe the Lord, and to your praiſe
"ſincere Obedience join.
24 "He ne'er diſdain'd on low Diſtreſs
"to caſt a gracious Eye;
"Nor turn'd from Miſery his face,
"but hears his humble cry.

The fourth Part.

25 Thus in thy Courts religious throng
my Thanks I will expreſs,
In preſence of thy Saints perform
the Vows of my Diſtreſs.
26 The longings of the Poor and Meek
thy Goodneſs ſhall ſupply:
Thou ſhalt revive their fainting Hopes
who on thy Strength rely.

The Gentiles by his kindneſs won,
ſhall turn unto the Lord:
By all the kindreds of the Earth
his Name ſhall be ador'd.
28 'Tis his ſupream Prerogative
o'er Subject-Kings to reign:
'Tis juſt that he ſhould rule the World,
who does the World ſuſtain.

29 The Rich, who are with plenty fed,
his bounty muſt confeſs;
The Sons of Want, by him reliev'd,
their gen'rous Patron bleſs.

With

With humble Worſhip to his Throne
they all for Aid reſort:
That Power which firſt their Beings gave,
can only them ſupport.

30, 31 Then ſhall a choſen ſpotleſs Race
devoted to his Name,
To their admiring Heirs his Truth
and glorious Acts proclaim.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM XXIII.

P.

1 GOD is my Shepherd, who will ſee
That all my Wants be ſtill ſupply'd;
I ſhall not be expos'd to Wrong,
Nor left to ſtray without a Guide.

2 The Paſtures are both freſh and green,
Where I have Eaſe and ſweet Repaſt:
The Streams are cool and quiet, where
I quench my Thirſt, and pleaſe my taſt.

3 His Comforts, which revive my Soul,
Life's tedious journey pleaſant make;
And in the peaceful ways of Grace
He leads me, for his Goodneſs ſake.

4 Tho' I ſhould walk where black Deſpair
And ſorrow caſt a diſmal ſhade;
Thy Power and thy tender Care
Would chaſe my Fears, and make me glad.

5 Thou ſpread'ſt my Table, where my Foes
Behold thy Bounty, and repine
To ſee rich Oils anoint my Head,
To ſee my Cup o'erflow with Wine.

6 Surely the Goodneſs of the Lord
Shall ſtill ſurround me all my days:
I will frequent thy Houſe, and there
Diſplay thy Love, and ſing thy Praiſe.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God, whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Be Glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM XXIV.

B. T.

1 THis ſpatious Earth is all the Lord's,
the Lord's her fulneſs is;
The World and its Inhabitants
By Sov'reign right are his.

2 He fram'd and fix't it on the Seas,
and with Almighty hand
Upon inconſtant Floods he made
her ſtable Fabrick ſtand.

3 But for himſelf this Lord of All
one choſen Seat deſign'd;
O who ſhall on that ſacred Hill
deſerv'd admittance find?
4 The Man whoſe Heart and Hands are pure,
whoſe thoughts were never vain,
Had rather live deſpis'd and poor,
than thrive by perjur'd gain.

5 This, this is He on whom the Lord
ſhall ſhow'r his Bleſſings down,
Whom God his Saviour ſhall vouchſafe
with Righteouſneſs to crown.
6 Such is the Race of Saints, by whom
thy ſacred Courts are trod;
And ſuch the Proſelytes that ſeek
the face of *Jacob*'s God.

7 Erect your heads, eternal Gates;
unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory: ſee he comes
with his celeſtial Train.
8 Who is this King of Glory? who?
the Lord for Strength renown'd,
In Battel Mighty, o'er his Foes
eternal Victor crown'd.

9 Erect your heads, ye Gates; unfold
in ſtate to entertain
The King of Glory: ſee he comes
with all his ſhining Train.
10 Who is this King of Glory? who?
the Lord of Hoſts renown'd:

Of Glory He alone is King,
who is with Glory crown'd.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM XXV.

B. T.

1, 2 TO Thee, the God in whom I truſt
I lift my Heart and Voice;
O let me not be put to ſhame,
nor let my Foes rejoyce.
3 Thoſe who on Thee for Succour wait
let no diſgrace attend.
Be that the ſhameful lot of ſuch
as wilfully offend.

4, 5 Thy Paths diſcloſe, thy Truth impart
and lead me in thy way;
For Thou art He that brings me Help,
on Thee I wait all day.
6 Thy Mercies and thy tender Love,
O Lord, recal to mind,
And graciouſly continue ſtill,
as Thou wert ever, kind.

7 Let all my early youthful Crimes
be blotted out by Thee;

And

And for thy wond'rous Goodneſs ſake,
in Mercy think on me.
8 His Mercy and his Juſtice both
the righteous Lord diſplays,
In bringing wand'ring Sinners home,
and teaching them his ways.

9 All thoſe in Judgment ſhall he guide
who his direction ſeek;
And in his ſacred Paths ſhall lead
the Humble and the Meek.
10 Through all the equal ways of God
both Truth and Mercy ſhine,
Tow'rds them that with religious hearts
to his bleſt will incline.

The ſecond Part.

11 Since Mercy is thy darling Grace,
and moſt exalts thy Fame,
Forgive my heinous Sin, O Lord,
and ſo advance thy Name.
12 Who'er to God with holy Fear
his humble Duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide
in all his righteous ways.

13 His quiet Soul with inward Peace
ſhall be for ever bleſt,
And by his num'rous Race the Land
ſucceſſively poſſeſt.
14 For God to ſuch as fear his Name,
his ſecret Will imparts,

And does his gracious Cov'nant write
in their obedient Hearts.

15 To him I ſtill will lift my Eyes,
and wait his timely Aid,
Who breaks the ſtrong and treach'rous Snare
which for my Feet was laid.
16 O turn again, and all my Griefs
in mercy, Lord, redreſs;
For I am compaſs'd round with Woes,
and plung'd in deep diſtreſs.

17 The Sorrows of my penſive Heart
to mighty Sums increaſe;
O from this dark and diſmal ſtate
my troubled Soul releaſe!
18 With tender Eyes and pittying Looks
my ſad Afflictions ſee;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my Guilt
Entirely ſet me free.

19 Conſider, Lord, my cruel Foes,
how faſt their numbers grow!
What lawleſs Force and Rage they uſe,
what boundleſs Hate they ſhow!
20 O guard my Life, and ſet my Soul
from their fierce Malice free;
Nor let me, Lord, be ſham'd, who place
my ſtedfaſt Truſt in Thee.

21 Let all my juſt and righteous Acts
to full perfection riſe,
Becauſe my firm and conſtant Hope
On Thee alone relies.

22 To

22 To *Iſrael*, Lord, thy choſen Race,
continue ever kind;
And in the midſt of all their Wants
let them thy ſuccour find.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM XXXII.

P.

1 O Happy Man! whom God forgives,
And hides what he has done amiſs:
2 Owns him, as if he had not ſinn'd,
Whoſe Heart ſincere and upright is.

3 My Woes increas'd, whilſt I ſuppreſs'd
My Guilt; no Quiet I could get:
4 Thy Wrath did preſs me like a weight,
And ſcorch'd me like the Summer's heat.

5 I then reſolved to diſcloſe
My Crimes, and open all my Wound;
I humbly did confeſs my Sins
To Thee, and eaſy Pardon found.

6 This Mercy ſhall invite good men
In ſeaſon to implore thine Aid;
Then, tho' their troubles like a flood
Should riſe, they need not be afraid.

7 Thou

7 Thou, Lord, ſhalt be my ſafe retreat;
To Thee I'll fly in all Diſtreſs;
Thou wilt preſerve me; and in ſongs
Of Victory I'll Thee confeſs.

8 I'll counſel Sinners to obey,
9 And not be like the Horſe or Mule,
Whoſe fury, till they're broke or tam'd,
No Rein can guide, no Curb can rule.

10 Such Sinners meet with heavy ſtrokes;
11 Whilſt thoſe that Truſt in God, ſhall prove
The happy Men: then let the Juſt
Rejoyce and triumph in his Love.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God, whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Be Glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM XXXVII.

B. T.

1 THough wicked Men grow Rich or Great,
Yet let not their ſucceſsful State
Thy Anger or thy Envy raiſe:
2 For they cut down like tender Graſs,
Or like young Flow'rs, away ſhall paſs,
Whoſe fickle Beauty ſoon decays.

3 Depend on God, and ſtill live well;
So thou within the Land ſhalt dwell,

Secure

Secure from Danger, and from Want:
4 Make Him thy only chief Delight,
And He, thy Duty to requite,
Shall all thy earneſt Wiſhes grant.

5 In all thy ways truſt thou the Lord,
And he'll his needful help afford
To perfect every juſt Deſign:
6 He'll make, like Light ſerene and clear,
Thy clouded Innocence appear,
And as a mid-day Sun to ſhine.

7 With quiet Mind on God depend,
And patiently for Him attend;
Nor let thy Anger fondly riſe,
Tho' wicked Men with wealth abound,
And with Succeſs the Plots are crown'd,
Which they maliciouſly deviſe.

8 From Anger ceaſe, and Wrath forſake:
Let no ungovern'd paſſion make
Thy wav'ring Heart eſpouſe their Crime;
9 For God ſhall ſinful Men deſtroy,
Whilſt only they the Land enjoy,
Who truſt on Him and wait his time.

10 How ſoon ſhall wicked Men decay!
Their place ſhall vaniſh quite away,
Nor by the ſtricteſt ſearch be found:
11 Whilſt humble Souls poſſeſs the Earth,
Rejoycing ſtill with godly Mirth,
With Peace and Plenty always crown'd.

The ſecond Part.

12 While ſinful Crowds with fell Deſign
Againſt the righteous Few combine,
And gnaſh their Teeth and threatning ſtand:
13 God ſhall their empty Plots deride,
And laugh at their defeated Pride;
He ſees their Ruin near at hand.

14 They draw the Sword, and bend the Bow,
The Poor and Needy to o'erthrow,
And Men of upright Lives to ſlay:
15 But their ſtrong Bows ſhall ſoon be broke;
Their ſharp-edg'd Weapon's mortal ſtroke
Through their own Hearts ſhall force it's way.

16 A little with God's Favour bleſs'd,
That's by a righteous Man poſſeſs'd,
The Wealth of many Bad excels:
17 For God ſupports the righteous Cauſe;
But as for thoſe that break his Laws,
Their ineffectual Pow'r he quells.

18 His conſtant Care the Upright guides,
And over all their Days preſides:
Their Portion ſhall for ever laſt:
19 They, when Diſtreſs o'erſpreads the Earth,
Shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in Dearth
The happy Fruits of Plenty taſte.

20 Not ſo the wicked Men, and thoſe
Who proudly dare God's will oppoſe;
Deſtruction is their hapleſs ſhare:

Like

Like Fat of Lambs, their Hopes and they
Shall in an inſtant melt away,
And vaniſh into Smoak and Air.

The third Part.

21 While Sinners brought to ſad Decay,
Tho' forc'd to borrow, can't repay,
The Juſt have Will and Pow'r to give:
22 For ſuch as God vouchſafes to bleſs,
Shall peaceably the Earth poſſeſs;
And thoſe he curſes, ſhall not live.

23 The Good Man's way is God's Delight;
He orders all the ſteps aright
Of him that owns his dread Command;
24 Tho' he ſometimes may be diſtreſs'd,
Yet ſhall he ne'er be quite oppreſs'd;
For God upholds him with his Hand.

25 From blooming Youth till Age prevail'd,
I never ſaw the Righteous fail'd,
Or Want o'ertake his numerous Race;
26 Becauſe Compaſſion fill'd his Heart,
And He did chearfully impart,
God made his Off-ſpring's Wealth increaſe.

27 Ill Deeds with utmoſt Caution ſhun;
In that that's good with Zeal go on,
And ſo prolong your happy Days:
28 For God, who Judgment loves, will ſtill
Preſerve his Saints ſecure from Ill,
While ſoon the wicked Race decays.

29, 30, 31 The Upright ſhall poſſeſs the Land,
His Portion there for Ages ſtand;
His Mouth with Wiſdom's ſtores ſupply'd,
His Tongue by Rules of Judgment moves,
His Heart the Law of God approves,
Which makes his Footſteps never ſlide.

The fourth Part.

32 In vain the watchful Sinner lies
In wait, the Righteous to ſurpriſe;
In vain his Ruin does decree;
33 God will not him defenceleſs leave,
To his Revenge expos'd, but ſave,
And when he's ſentenc'd, ſet him free.

34 Wait ſtill on God, and keep his way;
And thou, advanc'd the Land to ſway,
Thy firm poſſeſſion ne'er ſhalt quit:
With longing Eyes thou ſoon ſhalt ſee
The Wicked's fatal Tragedy,
And as a glad Spectator ſit.

36 The Wicked in great Pow'r I've ſeen,
And like a Bay-tree freſh and green,
That ſpreads its pleaſant Branches round:
35 But he was gone as ſwift as Thought;
He diſappear'd, where e'er I ſought;
Nor could his ſmalleſt Track be found.

37 Obſerve the perfect Man with Care,
And mark all ſuch as Upright are;
For their calm days in Peace ſhall end:

38 While

38 While ſtill the latter end of thoſe
Who dare God's ſacred Will oppoſe,
A common Ruin ſhall attend.

39 God to the Juſt will Aid afford;
Their only Safeguard is the Lord;
Their Strength in time of Trouble, He.
40 Becauſe of Him they ſtill depend,
The Lord ſhall Help and Succour ſend,
And from the Wicked ſet them free.

PSALM XXXVIII.

B. T.

1 CORrect me not in Anger, Lord,
tho' I deſerve it all;
Nor let at once on me the Storm
of thy Diſpleaſure fall.
2 In ev'ry wretched Part of me
thy Arrows deep remain:
Thy heavy Hand's afflicting Weight
I can no more ſuſtain.

3 My Fleſh is one continued Wound,
thy Wrath ſo fiercely glows;
Betwixt my Puniſhment and Guilt,
my Bones have no Repoſe.
4 My Sins are to a Deluge ſwell'd,
my wretched Head to drown;
And for my feeble Strength to bear
too vaſt a Burthen grown.

5 My Wounds with putrid Stench are fill'd,
my folly's juſt Return:
6 With Trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,
for all the day I mourn.
7 A loath'd Diſeaſe afflicts my Loins,
unſound in ev'ry Part;
8 I'm feeble, broken, groan and roar
through anguiſh of my Heart.

The ſecond Part.

9 But Lord, before thy ſearching Eyes
all my Deſigns appear;
And ſure my Groans have been too loud
not to have reach'd thine Ear.
10 My Heart's oppreſt, my Strength decay'd,
my Eyes depriv'd of Light:
11 Friends, Lovers, Kinſmen gaze aloof
on ſuch a diſmal Sight.

12 Mean while the Foes that ſee my Life,
their Snares to take me ſet;
Vent Slanders, and contrive all day
to forge ſome new Deceit.
13 But I, as if both Deaf and Dumb,
nor heard, nor once reply'd:
14 Quite Deaf and Dumb, like one whoſe Tongue
with conſcious Guilt were ty'd.

15 For, Lord, to Thee I do appeal,
my Innocence to clear;
Aſſur'd that Thou, the righteous God,
my injur'd Cauſe wilt hear.

16 Hear

16 Hear me, I ſaid, leſt they rejoyce
who triumph in my wo;
Inſulting if they ſee my Foot
once indirectly go.

17 And with continual Grief oppreſt,
to halt I now begin:
18 For, Lord, to Thee I do confeſs,
to Thee bewail my Sin.
19 But whilſt I languiſh, my proud Foes
their Strength and Vigor boaſt;
Who hate me without cauſe, are grown
a formidable Hoſt.

20 Ev'n they whom I oblig'd, return
my Kindneſs with Deſpight;
Become my Enemies, becauſe
I chuſe the Path that's right.
21 Forſake me not, O Lord, my God,
nor far from me depart;
22 Make haſte to my Relief, O Thou
who my Salvation art.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM LI.

B. T.

1 MY God, as Thou haſt always been,
continue ever kind;

Let me, oppreſt with Loads of Guilt,
thy wonted Mercy find.
2, 3 O waſh me from my foul Offence,
and cleanſe me from my Sin;
For I confeſs my Crime, and ſee
how great my Guilt has been.

4 Againſt Thee only, Lord, have I,
and in thy Sight tranſgreſs'd;
Whoſe Words and Judgments, pure and juſt,
will bear the ſtricteſt Teſt.
5 In Guilt each ſev'ral part was form'd
of all this ſinful Frame;
In Guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
the Heir of Sin and Shame.

6 Yet Thou, O God, whoſe ſearching Eye
does inward Truth require,
In ſecret ſhalt with Wiſdom's Laws,
my tender Soul inſpire.
7 O then with Hyſſop purge my Soul,
and ſo I ſhall be clean;
In Pity waſh me, and I ſhall
more white than Snow remain.

8 Make me with Joy and Gladneſs hear
thy kind forgiving Voice;
That ſo the Bones which Thou haſt broke,
with Comfort may rejoyce.
9, 10 Blot out my Sins; nor let thine Eyes
my Fault in Anger view;
Create in me a Heart that's clean;
a virtuous Mind renew.

The ſecond Part.

11 Withdraw not Thou thy Preſence, Lord,
nor caſt me from thy ſight;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
it's everlaſting flight:
12 The Joy which thy Salvation gives
let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm Support
my ſinking Soul ſuſtain.

13 So I thy juſt and righteous Ways
to Sinners will impart,
Whilſt my Advice ſhall wicked Men
to thy juſt Laws convert.
14 Do Thou my Guilt of Blood remove,
my Saviour and my God;
And my glad Tongue ſhall loudly tell
thy righteous Acts abroad.

15 Let thy free Grace unlock my Lips
with Sorrow clos'd and Shame:
So ſhall my Mouth thy wondrous Praiſe
to all the World proclaim.
16 Could Victims for my Guilt atone,
whole Flocks and Herds ſhould die:
But on ſuch Offrings thou diſdain'ſt
to caſt a gracious Eye.

17 A broken Spirit is the Gift
by God moſt highly priz'd;
By him a broken contrite Heart
ſhall never be deſpis'd.

18 Let *Sion*, Lord, thy favour find,
of thy Good Will aſſur'd;
And thy own City flouriſh long,
by lofty Walls ſecur'd.

19 Then ſhall the righteous Off'rings bring,
and pleaſing Tribute pay;
And Sacrifice of choiceſt kind
upon thy Altar lay.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

PSALM LXV.

P.

1 PRaiſes in *Sion* wait for Thee,
And there the Vow perform'd ſhall be:
2 To Thee, O God, that hearеſt Pray'r,
All Fleſh ſhall chearfully repair.

3 Our Sins may juſtly put a ſtop
To all that Good from Thee we hope:
Thy Mercy do's thoſe fears allay,
For this will purge our Sins away.

4 O happy they, that may draw near
To Thee, and in thy Courts appear!
For theſe ſhall all Refreſhments have
Thy Houſe can give, or they can crave.

5 By

5 By thine amazing Wonders Thou
Thy Kindneſs to the good doſt ſhow;
The Ends of th'Earth in Thee confide,
And th'Iſles that in the Sea reſide.

6 Mountains that ſeem to touch the ſky,
Gain from thy Strength ſtability:
7 The roaring Seas God do's aſſwage,
And ſtills the Peoples madder rage.

The ſecond Part.

8 O'er all the Earth the Nations ſpread
Thy works of Pow'r and Anger dread;
And all adore thy Goodneſs great,
Wheree'er the Sun do's riſe or ſet.

9 Thy Care prevents a threatning Dearth,
Thou viſiteſt the thirſty Earth:
Show'rs to enrich the barren Womb
From thy full Springs above do come.

Thy Bounty does that Food provide,
By which our needs are all ſupply'd.
10 The hardned ridges of the Field,
Watred with Show'rs are ſoft and yield.

It's Seed, by Clods thus gently preſs'd,
Springs up, and by after Rain's bleſs'd.
11 The fruitful Year rich Bleſſings crown,
And Plenty from the Clouds drops down.

12 The Wilderneſs refreſht with Rain,
Tho' parch'd before, now ſprings again:

The

The little Hills new garments wear,
And in their youthful green appear.

13 Flocks are the clothing of the Plain,
The Vales are cover'd o'er with grain:
All Nature ſeems to ſhout and ſing,
To welcome in the hopeful Spring.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God, whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Be Glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM LXVII.

B. T.

1 TO bleſs thy choſen Race,
in Mercy Lord incline;
And cauſe the Brightneſs of thy Face
upon us all to ſhine.
2 That ſo thy wond'rous Ways
may through the World be known;
Whilſt diſtant Lands glad Tribute pay,
and thy Salvation own.

3 Let diff'ring Nations join
to celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praiſe thy glorious Name.
4 O let them ſhout and ſing,
inſpir'd with pious Mirth,
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
ſhalt govern all the Earth.

5 Let

5 Let diff'ring Nations join
to celebrate his Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praiſe thy glorious Name.
6 Then ſhall the teeming Ground
a large Increaſe diſcloſe;
And we with Plenty ſhall abound,
which God, our God, beſtows.

7 Then God upon our Land
ſhall conſtant Bleſſings ſhower;
And all the World in aw ſhall ſtand
of his reſiſtleſs Power.

PSALM LXVIII.

P.

1 LET the great God ariſe, and then
His ſcattered Foes will flee for fear;
2 Vaniſh like Smoke, and melt like Wax
Before the Fire, when He draws near.

3 But let the Juſt rejoyce, and praiſe
4 His Name, to which all Pow r belongs;
He rides on high above the Clouds,
Let him be rais'd too in your Songs.

5 He pities Orphans; Widows wrongs
6 He rights; brings chained Pris'ners out;
He for the deſolate provides,
But plagues the Rebels Land with drought.

7 Lord, when Thou broughtſt thy People forth
From *Egypt* with a mighty Hand;
And led'ſt them thro' the Wilderneſs,
To bring them to the promis'd Land:

8 The Heav'ns before thy Lightnings dropt,
The Earth did with thy Thunder quake;
Mount *Sinai*, when the Lord came down,
Did from it's firm foundation ſhake.

9 In that dry Wilderneſs thou ſent'ſt
A plenteous Rain, at their complaint;
Ev'n Bread was rained down from Heav'n,
For their refreſhment who were faint.

10 Thy numerous People with their Flocks,
Found a convenient Dwelling there;
And by thy Bounty, Lord, the poor
With all things needful furniſh'd were.

The ſecond Part.

11 When God had giv'n them Victories,
A female Army ('twas their uſe)
Met the returning Conquerors,
And in their Songs thus told the news:

12 "All the great Captains of their Hoſts
"Have left the Field with haſty Flight;
"And left rich Spoils, all ſhar'd by us
"Women, who were too weak to fight.

13 "Tho' you in *Egypt*'s ſervile Works,
"Sully'd among the Pots have lien;

"Your

" Your Armies wings, like thoſe of Doves,
" Victorious now, ſhall brightly ſhine.

14 And ſo it was, for when the Kings
On this ſide *Jordan* conquered were
They as illuſtrious as the Snows
On *Salmon*'s Hill, did then appear.

15 And when on th' other ſide, the Lord
Your Conqueſts alſo did advance;
Th' high Hill of *Baſan* then became
A part of God's inheritance.

16 But be not proud, ye lofty Hils,
As if God meant with you t'abide;
Sion's the Hill which he hath choſe,
Therein for ever to reſide.

17 Thouſands of Angels there attend,
And God is where that Hoſt appears:
Sinai had once his Preſence, now
To *Sion* th' Honour he transfers.

The third Part.

18 Like a great Conquerour, our God
Aſcended is above the Skies;
And after Him in Triumph draws,
As Spoils, his captiv'd Enemies.

He ſcattered his various Gifts
Around, to make his Bounty known;
Ev'n Rebels had a ſhare, 'mongſt whom
He dwels, and they his Kindneſs own.

19 God that heaps daily Benefits
On us, ſhall have our grateful Songs:
20 He is our Saviour, to whom
The Pow'r of Life and Death belongs.

21 In his juſt Vengeance he ſhall wound
The Heads of all that Him reſiſt;
On whom no methods of his Love
Prevail, who ſtill in Sin perſiſt.

22 God is reſolv'd the Victories
Of former Ages he'll renew;
As great as thoſe in *Baſhan*'s Land,
And the Red Sea, his People knew.

23 Thine Arms ſhall ſo victorious be,
And ſuch a Slaughter ſhall be made,
That in thine Enemies Blood the Dogs
Their Tongues may dip, and thou may'ſt wade.

24 All know the Pomp with which God made
His Entrance to the Holy place:
25 Singers and Players, Virgins too
With Timbrels the Proceſſion grace.

26 Who as they went along, all join'd
Their Voices, and this Song they ſung:
" In your Aſſemblies bleſs the Lord,
" All ye that are from *Jacob* ſprung.

27 The Tribes all, with their Princes, came;
Judah and *Benjamin* lay near:
But the remote too, *Zebulun*
And *Nephtali* attended there.

The fourth Part.

28 This Union which thy God has made,
O *Iſrael*, has made thee ſtrong:
Confirm it, Lord, and what's begun
So happily, continue long.

29 Such Bleſſings on *Jeruſalem*
Shall from thy Temple there come down,
That by rich Preſents thither brought,
Kings ſhall themſelves thy ſubjects own.

30 Check that fierce Prince, like a wild Beaſt
With rage to War againſt us bent;
With Captains furious as Bulls,
Souldiers as Heifers inſolent.

Prancing in Silver-plated Arms,
He unprovok'd comes out to fight:
Scatter his Forces, and deſtroy
All that in War and Blood delight.

31 *Egypt* to make a League with thee,
Princely Embaſſadors ſhall ſend;
And *Æthiopia* to God
Her Hands in Gifts and Pray'rs extend.

32 Praiſe Him, ye Kingdoms of the Earth,
33 Who govern's all the Heav'nly Spheres:
From thence he thunders with his Voice,
Which every Creature dreads that hears.

34 Give Him the Glory of his Pow'r
Illuſtriouſly to *Iſrael* ſhown:

It's Wonders in the Heav'ns appear,
And thence by all the World are known.

35 They that behold his Majeſty
In Holy Places are amaz'd:
'Tis God who gives both Strength and Pow'r
Unto his Saints: his Name be prais'd.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God, whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Be Glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM LXXXIV.

B. T.

1 O GOD of Hoſts, the mighty Lord,
how lovely is the Place
Where Thou enthron'd with Glory ſhew'ſt
the Brightneſs of thy Face!
2 My longing Soul faints with Deſire
to view thy beſt abode;
My panting Heart and Fleſh cry out
for Thee the living God.

3 The Birds, more happy far than I,
about thine Altars reſt;
There lay their little young, and there
ſecurely build their Neſt.
O Lord of Hoſts, my King and God,
4 How highly bleſt are they,
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
and there thy Praiſe diſplay!

5 Thrice

5 Thrice happy they, whoſe Choice has Thee
their ſure Protection made;
Who long to tread the ſacred ways
that to thy Dwelling lead!
6 Who paſs through *Baca*'s thirſty Vale,
yet no refreſhment want;
Their Pools being fill'd with Rain, which Thou
at their Requeſt doſt grant.

7 Thus with unweary'd Strength and Pains
they ſtill approach more near;
Till all on *Sion*'s holy Mount
before their God appear.
8 O Lord, the mighty God of Hoſts
my juſt Requeſt regard;
Thou God of *Jacob*, let my Pray'r
be ſtill with Favour heard.

9 Behold, O God, for Thou alone
doſt timely Aid diſpence:
On thy anointed Servant look;
be Thou his ſtrong Defence.
10 For in thy Courts one ſingle Day
'tis better to attend,
Than any other where beſides
a thouſand Days to ſpend.

Much rather would I in God's Houſe
the meaneſt Office take,
Than in the Tents of Wickedneſs
my conſtant Dwelling make.
11 For God is both our Sun and Shield:
he'll Grace and Glory give;

And no good thing will he with-hold
from them that juſtly live.

12 O God, whom heav'nly Hoſts obey,
how highly bleſt is he
Whoſe conſtant Truſt, ſecurely plac'd,
is ſtill repos'd on Thee!

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM XCV.

P.

1 COme, let us with united Joys
to God our Voices raiſe:
2 With thankful Hearts before him come,
and loudly ſing his Praiſe.
3 Our God is a great God and King,
in Power eminent
Above all Gods: him Angels ſerve,
and Princes repreſent.

4 The ſecrets of the Earth, and ſtrength
of Hills are in his Hand;
5 He made the Waters of the Sea;
and for their Bound, dry Land.
6 To Him that made us, let us kneel,
and Adorations give;
7 Who are his People, and the Sheep
that on his Paſtures live.

8 To

8 To day let's hear his Voice, and not
such hardened Sinners prove,
9 As thoſe that in the Wilderneſs
provoked God above.
They prov'd his Pow'r, and ſaw his Works,
10 And griev'd Him forty year;
Till, wearied with that murm'ring Race,
he could no longer bear.

He did their Unbelief and baſe
Ingratitude deteſt:
11 And in his Anger ſware they ſhould
not come into his Reſt.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM C.

P.
1 LET all the Nations of the Earth
To God their chearful Voices raiſe;
2 With Gladneſs worſhip Him, and come
Before his Face with Songs of Praiſe.

3 Our Lord is God: 'twas He alone,
Did to us All our Beings give:
We are the People of his Care,
The Sheep that on his Paſtures live.

4 Enter his Gates with thankful Hearts,
His Praiſes in his Courts proclaim:
And by his pow'rful Love inflam'd,
Delight to bleſs his ſacred Name.

5 For God is infinitely good,
His Mercy is for ever ſure:
And ev'ry changing Age ſhall ſee
His Truth will ſtill the ſame endure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God, whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Be Glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM CIII.

P.

1 BLeſs thou the Lord, my Soul, his Name
Let all the Pow'rs within me bleſs:
2 O let not his paſt Favours lie
Forgotten in unthankfulneſs.

3 'Tis He that pardons all thy Sins;
He that in Sickneſs makes thee ſound:
4 'Tis He redeemed from the Grave
Thy Life, with Love and Mercy crown'd.

5 'Tis He that fills thy Mouth with Good,
And all thy juſt Deſires ſupplies:
Who like the Eagle's, makes thine Age
To a renewing Youth ariſe.

6 From his ſtrict Juſtice ſure relief
Oppreſſed Innocence will find:
7 *Moſes* and *Iſr'el* knew his ways,
And kind Intentions of his Mind.

8 Abundant Mercies flow from God,
Love is his Nature and Delight:
9 Slow is his wrath, and tho' he chides,
Intends not to deſtroy us quite.

His Anger, in its Riſe and Stay,
From Rules of Juſtice never ſwerves;
10 And when He puniſhes our Faults,
The Meaſure's leſs than Sin deſerves.

11 As Heav'n is far above the Earth,
So his Rewards exceed our Love:
12 Farther than Eaſt is from the Weſt,
His pardon does our Sins remove.

The ſecond Part.

13 A Father's pity to his Child,
Reſembles God's, tho' ſhorter far;
14 For He conſiders our weak Frame,
That only quickned Duſt we are.

15 Man's Days are like the Graſs, or Flow'r,
That in the Field its Beauty ſhows;
16 But fades with every blaſting Wind,
And then its former place none knows.

17 But God's eternal Truth and Love
Is to good Men and to their Race:

18 Thoſe

18 Thoſe that his Laws and Cov'nant keep,
His Favour ever will embrace.

19 Circled with glorious Light, his Throne
The Lord has plac'd in Heav'n above;
Whoſe mighty Pow'r and ſov'reign Rule
Extends o'er all taht live and move.

20 Bleſs God, ye Angels, who in Strength
And ready Services tranſcend:
21 Bleſs Him, ye Hoſts and Miniſters,
Who all, to do his Will, attend.

22 All ye his Works that ſubject are
In ev'ry place to his controll,
Bleſs ye your Maker; and with them
Joyn in his Praiſes, O my Soul!

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God, whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Be Glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM CXIII.

P.

1 YE Servants of th'eternal King,
To God your chearful Praiſes ſing,
2 Whoſe Name be bleſt for evermore.
3 His Goodneſs over all is great,
Where'er the Sun do's riſe or ſet,
Since all are bleſt, let all adore.

4 O'er

4 O'er all the Earth the Lord does reign,
And Heav'n's too narrow to contain
His Glories that are infinite.
5 Let not poor borrowed Greatneſs dare
With his Perfections to compare,
Who dwells in uncreated Light.

6 He condeſcends ſo far, to know
Th' Affairs of Mortals here below,
As well as thoſe in Heav'n above.
7 To ſhew how He o'er all things ſways,
He from the Duſt the Poor does raiſe,
And from his vile eſtate remove.

8 From thence advances him on high,
To unexpected Dignity,
And ſets him in a royal Throne.
9 When Age and Nature doth deſpair,
He makes the barren Womb to bear;
O therefore praiſe this God alone.

PSALM CXVII.

P.

1 LET all the Nations of the World
their great Creatour praiſe;
And all it's ſcatter'd People joyn
his mighty Name to raiſe.
2 Whoſe Kindneſs towards us all is great,
his Mercies ever ſure:
Then let our Praiſes, like his Truth,
for ever ſtill endure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

PSALM CXIX.

P.

1 THrice happy are thoſe upright Men,
whoſe Ways are free from blame;
Who, as the Law of God directs,
their Lives and Manners frame.
2 Bleſſed are they, who his Commands
unfeignedly fulfil:
And to obtain God's Favour, ſeek
to know and do his Will.

3 Theſe, when they're tempted, do not ſin,
but to thy Paths repair:
4 Thou, Lord, haſt charged us to keep
all thy Commands with care.
5 O by thy Grace ſo guide my Ways,
never from thine to ſwerve;
6 Nothing ſhall ſhame my Hopes, whilſt I
all thy Commands obſerve.

7 This ſignal Favour ſhall excite
my humble Joy and Praiſe,
When I have learnt how good thy Laws,
how righteous are thy Ways.
8 I'll keep thy Statutes; for I ſee
in this thy Will is clear:

Lord

Lord leave me not, for I intend
herein to perſevere.

The ſecond Part.

9 How ſhall a young Man, prone to Vice,
govern his Manners, Lord?
By heedful liſtning to the wiſe
directions of thy Word.
10 Sincerely I have begg'd thy Grace;
O keep me cloſe to Thee:
11 I've treaſur'd up thy Word, that I
might not a Sinner be.

12 Bleſſing and Praiſe, O Lord, is due
to Thee, who art ſo kind:
Thy Statutes give me Grace to learn,
and lodge them in my Mind.
13 My high Eſteem of all thy Laws,
I have declar'd around:
14 Herein my Joy ſurpaſſes his,
that has a Treaſure found.

15 Oft on thy Precepts will I fix
my thoughts; that I may ſee,
How well with thy unerring Rules
of Life, my Ways agree.
16 My Study on thy Statutes, Lord,
and Hearts Delight is ſet:
Thy Word, which I entirely Love,
I never will forget.

PSALM CXXXII.

B. T.

1 LET *David*, Lord, a conſtant Place
in thy Remembrance find;
Let all the Sorrows he endur'd
be ever in thy Mind.
2 Remember what a ſolemn Oath,
To Thee, his Lord, he ſwore;
How to the mighty God he vow'd,
whom *Jacob*'s Sons adore.

3, 4 I will not go into my Houſe,
nor to my Bed aſcend;
No ſoft Repoſe ſhall cloſe my Eyes,
nor Sleep my Eye-lids bend;
5 Till for the Lord's deſign'd Abode
I mark the deſtin'd Ground;
Till I a decent Place of Reſt
for *Jacob*'s God have found.

6 Th' appointed Place, with Shouts of Joy,
at *Ephratah* we found,
And made the Fields, throughout the Wood,
our glad Applauſe reſound.
7 O with due Rev'rence let us then
to his Abode repair;
And proſtrate at his Foot-ſtool fal'n
pour out our humble Pray'r.

8 Ariſe, O Lord, and now poſſeſs
thy conſtant place of Reſt,

Be

Be that, not only with thy Ark,
but with thy Preſence bleſt.
9, 10 Cloath Thou thy Prieſts with Righteouſneſs;
and make thy Saints rejoyce:
For *David*'s ſake, thy ſervant, hear
thy own Anointed's Voice.

11 God ſware to *David* in his Truth,
(nor ſhall his Oath be vain)
One of thy Offspring after thee
upon thy Throne ſhall reign:
12 And if thy Seed my Cov'nant keep,
and to my Laws ſubmit;
Their Children too upon thy Throne
for evermore ſhall ſit.

13, 14 For *Sion*'s God's peculiar Choice,
by Him approv'd of well;
His Place of everlaſting Reſt,
where He deſires to dwell.
15, 16 Her Store, ſays He, I will encreaſe,
her Poor I'll ſatisfy:
I'll with Salvation cloath her Prieſts;
her Saints ſhall ſhout for Joy.

17 There *David*'s Horn ſhall bud and breed
a long ſucceſſive Line,
And my Anointed Servants there
ſhall with freſh Luſtre ſhine.
18 The Faces of his vanquiſht Foes
confuſion ſhall o'er-ſpread;
While bleſt with good ſucceſs, his Crown
ſhall flouriſh on his Head.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM CXXXIII.

B. T.

1 HOW vaſt muſt their Advantage be!
how great their Pleaſure prove!
Who live like Brethren, and conſent
in Offices of Love!

2 Friendſhip is like that precious Oyl
which, pour'd on *Aaron*'s Head,
Ran down his Beard, and o'er his Robes
it's coſtly Moiſture ſhed.

3 Like cool refreſhing Dew, which does
on *Hermon*'s Top diſtill;
Or like the early Drops that fall
on *Sion*'s fruitful Hill.
For God to all, whoſe friendly Hearts
with mutual Love abound,
Has firmly promis'd length of Days
with conſtant Bleſſings crown'd.

PSALM CXXXIV.

B. T.

1 BLeſs God, ye Servants that attend
upon his ſolemn State,
That in his Temple night by night
with humble Rev'rence wait:

2, 3 Within

2, 3 Within his Houſe lift up your Hands,
and bleſs his Holy Name.
From *Sion* bleſs thy *Iſrael*, Lord,
who Earth and Heav'n didſt frame.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM CXLIII.

P.

1 REgard the fervent Pray'rs I make,
the Hopes I have in Thee;
And, Lord, according to thy Truth
and Goodneſs anſwer me.

2 Let not my [illegible] before
thy ſtrict [illegible]
For, Lord, if [illegible] be juſtified,
none can [illegible]

3 See how my [illegible] me
no Safety [illegible]
I'm forc'd to lie [illegible]
that's bury[illegible]

4 Grief has ſo o[illegible] my Soul,
that ſtupid I [illegible]n;
[illegible]rour and [illegible]ment ſeiz'd,
[illegible]th is overthrown.

5 [illegible]erves to raiſe me up
[illegible]ſinking lower;

To call to mind Thy former Works,
and lean upon Thy Power.
6 I'll ne'er ceaſe asking, till my Soul
ſhall Thy refreſhments gain;
Thy Mercy which I gaſp for more,
than thirſty Ground for Rain.

The ſecond Part.

7 My Spirits ſink, while Thou delayſt
th' Aſſiſtance I would have;
If God ſtill frown on my Requeſts,
'twill ſink me to the Grave.
8 The Night is witneſs of my Tears,
as of my Truſt in Thee;
O let the joyful Morning tell
thy Kindneſs towards me.

Lord, be my Guide, that I may find
the Way where I ſhould go;
9 Be Thou my Refuge from their Pow'r,
who ſeek my Overthrow.
10 Teach me, my God, to do thy Will;
and let thy Spirit of Love,
Conduct me in the Paths that lead
to Happineſs above.

11 Revive my fainting Soul, Thy Name
and Honour to advance:
Thy Faithfulneſs will brightly ſhine
in my Deliverance.
12 That my Vexation from my Foes
may have a gracious End;
Deſtroy the Authors of my Woes,
for I on Thee depend.

To

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
one God, whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM CLXV.

P.

1 I Will extoll Thy ſacred Name,
Thou King of Saints, and God of Love:
2 I'll bleſs Thee daily now: 'twill be
My Work eternally above.

3 Our Praiſes ſhould be high, like Thee,
Whoſe Greetneſs all our Thoughts exceeds.
4 And what one Age do's not confine,
The next ſhall tell Thy mighty Deeds.

5 I'll ſhew the Glories of Thy State,
And Thy amazing Works proclaim:
6 All Men that hear my Songs of Praiſe,
Shall gladly joyn to do the ſame.

7 And like the unexhauſted Springs
Of Mercy, ſo their Joys ſhall flow;
Their Tongues Thy Faithfulneſs ſhall ſing,
And Thy abundant Goodneſs ſhow.

8 Thou, Lord, art full of Grace and Love;
To Anger ſlow, but glad to ſpare;
9 To all thy Creatures Thou art kind,
O'er all Thy tender Mercies are.

10 Thou, Lord, from all theſe Works of Thine
Some thankful Tribute do'ſt receive:

But where their Powers fail, Thy Praiſe
Among Thy Saints ſhall ever live.

11 Theſe happy Subjects to declare
Thy Kingdom's Glory never ceaſe;
12 That Men the Triumphs of thy Grace
May know, and All Thy Pow'r confeſs.

The ſecond Part.

13 Thy Kingdom, Lord, ſhall ever ſtand,
Tho' often undermin'd in vain:
14 Oppreſſed Goodneſs is ſuſtain'd
By Thee; when falling, rais'd again.

15 All Creatures do expect from Thee
Supplies of ſeaſonable Food:
16 Thy open-handed Bounty fills
Their Longings with deſired Good.

17 God's Goodneſs and Fidelity
In all his Ways and Works appear:
18 He gives kind Anſwers to their Pray'rs
That call on Him, and are ſincere.

19 There's none that fear Him need complain,
That they in vain have ſought His Aid:
He hears their Cries, when in Diſtreſs;
And ſaves them, when they are afraid.

20 God's Preſervation ſhall reward
The good Man's Duty and his Love:
But the bold Crimes of wicked Men
Shall at the length their Ruin prove.

21 Mean

21 Mean while my Tongue ſhall be employ'd
Thy chearful Praiſes to proclaim.
Let all the World adore Thy Pow'r,
And ever bleſs Thy Holy Name.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God, whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Be Glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and ſhall be evermore.

PSALM CXLVIII.

P.

1 TO laud the Heav'nly King
Let all their Voices raiſe:
2 Ye Angels firſt begin
The great Creator's Praiſe.
3 Let Sun and Moon,
And every Star,
His Glory ſhow
That's brighter far.

4 Ye Regions of the Air,
And watry Clouds that move
Within the liquid Sky,
5 Praiſe ye the Lord above,
Whoſe pow'rful Word
Made you to be,
6 And fixt your Bounds
By His Decree.

7 All that the Earth do's bear,
Whales in the Depths conceal'd;

8 Lightnings, and Hail, and Snow,
Vapours to Ice congeal'd;
The ſtormy Winds
Rais'd at his Will,
Which at his Word
Are calm'd and ſtill.

9 Praiſe Him, ye Mountains high,
And Hills that lower are;
Cedars with lofty Heads,
And Trees that Fruits do bear:
10 Beaſts that in Fields
Or Paſtures lie;
Both creeping things,
And Fowls that fly.

11 Ye Kings that Scepters ſway,
People of meaner Birth;
Princes that rule the World,
And Judges of the Earth.
12 Let every Sex
And every Age
13 To praiſe the Name
Of God engage.

His Glories all that ſhines
In Heav'n and Earth excell;
14 He ſpecial Mercy ſhow'd
T'his People *Iſrael*,
A People dear
And highly rais'd:
His Holy Name
Be ever prais'd.

THE END.